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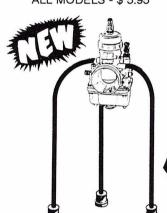


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On the cover: Kevin Soboleski rides Jim Wigington's bike through a tight spot in a riverbed in Mexico. We had a great time, and hopefully this is the last time we'll have a Mexico story for another year!



A real big hole in the ground.

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Warning: Off-road riding is a fun sport that carries with it a few unfortunate hazards. One obvious hazard is the chance of getting flung off the back of a bike traveling at high speeds. This is bad, but not as bad as being flung over the bars at high speeds. You can also be flung off of either side of a bike without trying very hard, so think about that when you ride. This is #1 in an infinite series, next month we'll look at hitting things real hard

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LAST OVER

ENTHUSIASM

By Paul Clipper

Montezuma caught up to me today. They say it takes four days for the amoeba to do its dirty work, and I can remember vividly the drink—with ice—they handed me, almost exactly four days ago to the instant. The drink was potent in its own right—Don Pedro brandy and Coke—but the ice cubes were the killers. Up until then, no local water passed the threshold of my mouth; and it just goes to show that you should never lower your guard.

But what the heck. They have pills for this sort of thing; in America we have pills for everything. Four of these little ones every day, and two of these big goofballs every day for a week, and I'll be right as rain. I had an awful lot of fun getting into this condition, so I guess I deserve a break right now.

"So what is all this Mexico stuff?" I can hear you say. Well, it's not really that I have a Mexico fixation; actually, ever since I first visited Baja I could think of no reason to ever go back. There's little to like about it, and plenty of danger around every corner in Baja. The people are different there, I was told; "go to the mainland, there you'll find what it's really like."

So we went, we saw, and we came away impressed. It's still quite a bit different, but the people are beyond compare. The natives are so friendly; everybody says "Hello!" We don't do that in the States. Hell, if you do it in New York City you're likely to get mugged; do it here in New Jersey and you'll probably be arrested.

But it's not about Mexico, is what I'm trying to say. It's about a bunch of guys getting together and riding somewhere different, way different. You find that the more enthusiasm you have, the more you're interested in taking two wheels to another part of the earth. If you're getting fed up with riding the local hare scrambles or enduro series, but still want to straddle your bike, this is probably what's wrong. Goes somewhere else, and rekindle your enthusiasm.

Which got me to thinking just how enthusiastic our host in Mexico, Les French, must be. Drag out a map of Texas, and look for El Paso. It's pretty easy to find; way out on the westernmost corner of the state. Sharp-eyed readers will notice that Great Motorcycle Adventures is located in Beaumont, Texas, which is east of Houston, and almost on the Louisiana border!

When Les dropped us off in El Paso, he shook hands all around, then got back in the van and started driving. From there, he and his crew went to Fort Worth to drop Craig and the trailer off, and then drove home to Beaumont. All the while we were eating dinner, sleeping, and then

going to the airport in the morning—and even while we were flying home—they were still driving the 800-plus miles they'd have to cover before they could hit some clean sheets.

Now, I know he's got a business there, and businesses are supposed to make money, but there's got to be more to it than that...there's always an easier way to do it than that. But after watching Les for a week, riding with him, and shooting the breeze, I'm convinced that the



(Ken Ciocci photo)

main reason he'll drive for two and a half days each way for a Copper Canyon trip is that he's possessed. He's got the creature inside of him. Just like the rest of us on the trip; he's a total fun hog, and there's no getting around it.

I guess I know a lot of people like that. What about Kevin Hines? He'll enter a race in Finland as quickly as a local enduro, maybe even faster, and his idea of a good time is flogging himself to bits with a schedule you or I couldn't even hope to keep up. For relaxation, he goes to Guatemala or some other remote place and spends a week riding a mountain bike. I don't know anybody who has more energy than Kevin; when I grow up, I want to be like him.

So if you're ready for some plain old fun, this is the month to start having it. There are three major events happening in June that just have to be mentioned here. Most of us will have to pick one of them only to hit, finances being what they are, and the luckier of us still have to drop one off, since you just can't be two places at once.

Numero uno is the Leon Dube Memorial Trail Ride, happening on June eighth and ninth. This will be the tenth year anniversary of the event, and they are planning to pull out all the stops. The trailride will be a two-day affair, Saturday and Sunday, and they hope to have 100 miles

each day for us. The scenery and the riding in general in southern New Hampshire is excellent, and you'll miss a lot if you miss this event.

Saturday will also feature mini, junior and ATV events at the Dube, and there will be prizes, as usual, for the major fund raisers (it's customary to enlist pledges for the Leon Dube, donations from friends and business to help fight cystic fibrosis). Malcolm Smith, everybody's trail riding hero, has also promised to come up and

join us at the Dube, and with a little luck Roger DeCoster will be there once again. Last year we also had Randy Hawkins and Charles Halcomb from Suzuki; perhaps they'll be back this year along with Kevin Hines (assuming everyone is healed by then).

On top of all this, there will be a two-day dual sport event happening at the same time as the trail ride. So, if your tastes run towards easy dirt roads and back roads, the Leon Dube Dual Sport will be a perfect diversion. If you come, you'll enjoy it. Call Helen Duhaime at (603)669-8682 for signup information.

The other major event this month is a classic, that simply needs no introduction. The Blackwater 100 will once again happen on Father's Day weekend, June 15-16; and, as everyone knows, it is an event far removed from any other race you've ever attended. Last year we had a mountain bike race on Saturday, ATV races Saturday after-

noon, dancing Saturday night and then the hare scrambles on Sunday afternoon. If you haven't experienced Blackwater you can't call yourself a hare scrambles fan. Go, and experience it first-hand.

The third major event doesn't include motorcycles. What? Does this smack of heresy? No, not if you're into mountain bikes. Dave Bucher puts on the Mountain Bike Weekend in Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania, each year, and this year will be the sixth annual running of this event. It is the same weekend as Blackwater, June 14, 15, and 16. The beauty of the event is that it doesn't include racing in any way, shape or form. MBW is just three days of mountain bike riding and fun. They'll have guided and selfguided trail rides in the local hills each day. manufacturer demos of the latest equipment, a huge swap meet, a giant parade through town and lots of other activities. One low registration fee includes entrance to all the activities and camping for the entire weekend. For sign-up information, call (717)626-1742.

There's plenty more happening in June, but those are the three biggies. We're still trying to figure out how to hit all three, as well as taking in the Woodsocross National Hare Scrambles (which conflicts with the Leon Dube). I don't know how we're going to make out, but we'll try to be everywhere at once!

ENTRY

SLICE OF HISTORY

Dear Trail Rider.

Thought you might appreciate this. This picture shows the remains of the very first Rokon

ever made, serial #0001. It is buried up to its axles next to a Quonset hut that's located behind the old Pete's BMW shop on Route 101 in Dublin, New Hampshire. A rather unique flower pot is welded to the tank and steering head, and is planted with flowers every year. Pete Von Sneidern, of Pete's BMW (now defunct), was the chief engineer on the Rokon project and left the company over some disagreement, taking the prototype bike with him.

Fred Miller Amherst, NH

I don't want to be cruel, but having ridden a Rokon a couple of days in California in the late '70s I can't help but think that "here's a Rokon that

finally found its true purpose!" Yes, yes, I know that they were very successful here in the east, and that the Rokon team used to inspire fear among the competition in NETRA and national enduro competition, and that they were even ridden successfully in ISDE competition, but they certainly weren't made for the high-speed, burnt-out terrain of southern California I got to sample it on. The picture brings back a lot of



memories, though; of Don Cutler and Jim Hollander, and geez...all the old national riders of the day. Thanks for the picture!

GET LEGAL

Dear Trail Rider,

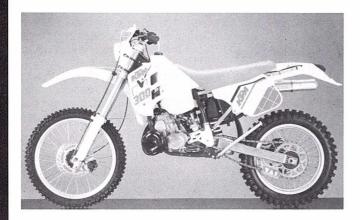
A couple of my friends and I are planning a trail riding vacation this summer. The problem

is, every place that has organized rides requires your bike to be street legal. For those of us with converted MX bikes the street conversion is costly and very difficult to register. Are there any organized rides that are long and challenging, and require that your bike be only off-road legal? I would rather not involve myself in Mexican vacations or Texas vacations. I like the woods, tight trails of Myles Standish State Forest and Freetown, and would like to find something the same but longer.

Paul Sandler Stoughton, MA

I have no good news for you. The only place that doesn't require a

license on the back is Mexico, and since you don't want to go there, you'll have to get registered. Every place is different; you can't register a bike in New Jersey unless it's a pure street bike









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and you can prove that you're a fine, upstanding citizen, while in Colorado you can get a tag for anything with two rotating wheels on it. I would suggest that you call around to a few dealers in your area and ask them about getting converted bikes registered—call some of the dealers advertising in Trail Rider. I think you may find that it isn't as difficult as you think.

The reason bikes have to be registered is that every one of the most ambitious trail rides (Six Days of Michigan, Colorado Trailrides, NETRA Trail System, etc.) use and cross sections of public highways, and the people who use these avenues expect everyone else to be registered and insured. If you plan to do a lot of this kind of riding (the best kind of riding), may I suggest that you sell your bike to someone more interested in racing and buy a registerable trailbike to alleviate all the hassles? It does a whole lot for your peace of mind when you're zipping down the road with all those weaving Buick Regals and rusted-out Chevys.

THREE QUESTIONS

Dear Trail Rider,

I have a few questions about enduros, which I started last year and I'm hooked on!

- 1. When do I move from C class to B?
- 2. How do I get a license plate legally for an off-road bike? To get a plate you need insurance, and in Pennsylvania you cannot insure an off-road bike.
- 3. Could you recommend an insurance company that will insure me? Since I am involved in a high-risk sport, such as enduros, I am having trouble finding a company that will give me accident coverage..

Thank you very much and keep up the great work on the magazine.

Charles R. Ellis

Scottdale, PA

Three answers:

- 1. You move from C to B when you have enough points in the sponsoring organization (they'll tell you), or whenever you sign up as a B instead of a C. Moving up a class like that is forever, so don't be in a hurry.
- 2. Keep in mind that you buy license plates and insurance; this being America someone out there will sell you this stuff no matter what you're riding. You can insure a trail bike, but not a dirt bike; you can insure a street bike, but not a motocross bike. Make sure you use the right terminology when talking to the insurance company. Contact B&B Sales in Lancaster (717)569-5764 and ask them about registering bikes. Tell them Trail Rider told you to call.
- 3. Notice: enduro riding is not listed as a "high-risk" sport in insurance company rating schedules. Life insurance companies get nervous when you tell them you race motocross, but they don't care at all about enduros. No, I can't recommend one, but; as above, someone out there is ready to take your money, you can bet on it.

LETTER OF SUPPORT

Dear Trail Rider,

I must take exception to the "Honda Lover" letter in the April issue. The 1991 Honda XR250L was not intended or designed to be a

full-blown woods racer. One look will tell you that. I own an XR200R that I use to ride the gnarly events, and an XR250L to explore the rural areas around my town. Each bike has its own purpose in life. The way it should be.

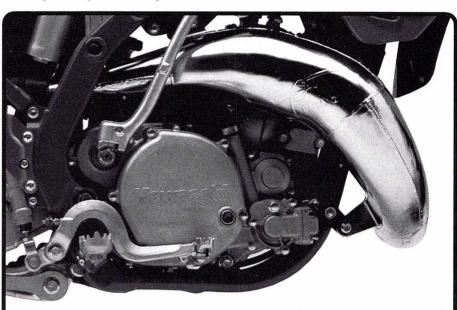
As far as the XR250L goes, I love it just the way it is. The power, while not butt-puckering, is perfectly adequate for the bike's intended use. The bike handles well and is just a ball to ride. My only gripes are the too-small gas tank and the non-existent rear brake.

Steve Barnes Granby, CT

I've never slung a leg over an XR250L, but I have to agree with you that having two bikes is

the only way to go. I've ridden my DR350S in enduros, and although it's a lot of fun, it's a sure way to get into big trouble if you don't pay attention. It's also a great way to lose rear turn signals.

You'll want to stay tuned to upcoming issues of Trail Rider, because we've got a huge XR250L modification article here written by Rick Ramsey, and he leaves no stone unturned in his quest for technical excellence on the XRL. All we have to do is figure out how to edit it down to a respectable size (it's about 20 pages right now) and we'll be printing it—probably next month or the month after.



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EASTERN NEWS

WASHED UP

So we went to the PSTR's Monahan Memorial enduro in Freetown State Forest, Massachusetts, this month (April). I was working on the mountain bike rag the day before up in Southwick, and cruised down to Bernardo's on Saturday night. Jerry and Carla whipped up some of their famous Chicken Scampi over capellini. burnt some garlic bread as an offering, whipped

up a Caesar salad and we feasted

into the night.

Round midnight, the rain began. By morning, three and a half inches had fallen, and it was pretty obvious. We drove down to the Monahan in rain that just got heavier and heavier, and when we got there a group of very dejected and sodden club members gave us the word: no enduro today. Here's a clue to how bad it would have been: THe "Swill Hole from Hell" from last year, has a spot that normally has two feet of water in it. On Sunday morning, it had six feet of water over it.

The official line is this: Pilgrim Sands Trail Riders couldn't, in all good conscience, couldn't allow the event to happen with the ground in the condition it was in at

that moment. What was dusty the day before was now mud, and the trails would have been damaged badly by motorcycle traffic. Rather than risk the future on a single run, they canceled it; it was the smart thing to do and the State Forest people were relieved and happy.

There's good news, though: the event has been rescheduled to May 26th, so you just have enough time to plan to attend if you act now. The information number is (617)659-4545. They have 165 pre-entries right now, so it'll be a well-attended event, no doubt.

So what did we do? Well. Jerry went riding and I pointed the Astro van west, and drove 250 miles through a frog strangler/nor'easter that couldn't be beat, and made it to the Pine Hill enduro right before trophy presentation. PSTR did the right thing; we hope we can make it back to the re-run!

25th PINE HILL

Later that day, in South Jersey...the Central Jersey Competition Riders celebrated their 25th Pine Hill enduro. It was a pretty easy run, with the points taking sections right at the end, and Jack Lafferty Jr. took the win with a six. They gave an award to Charlie Stapleford, who has attended every one of the Pine Hill events, and told him that from now on his entry in the event is free. Charlie was surprised and delighted. We'll have a story on the event next month; and yes, they did have rain.

GOOD IDEA

NEW TREES

Reported by Perry Hodges

The morning of Saturday,

March 30, brought rain that later

turned to snow, but this didn't

stop the volunteers planting trees

for the annual Lebanon State For-

est tree planting, in New Lisbon,

NJ. The day's weather was great

for trees, but no so great for the

planters, so the state forest had a

The East Coast Enduro Associa-

tion was represented by President

Kenny Lee Taylor and a contin-

gent of members from the Ocean

County Competition Riders. Also

participating were the Sierra Club.

smaller crew than anticipated.

Len Rehatchek slipped us a clipping from his local paper at the Pine Hill. The article was about dirt bike riders helping out the police, by providing evidence against people dumping trash in the woods. The police were very pleased that the dirt bikers were so helpful, and said so in the newspaper article.

It's a good idea. We can prove to everyone that

the Audubon Society, the Boy Scouts, Pinelands Commission, and the AT&T Pioneers. Hopefully, working side by side helped to build some bridges between

these unlikely partners.

After planting approximately 250 trees, the AT&T Pioneers provided lunch for the hungry volunteers. Even the weather started cooperating, and the afternoon turned bright and sunny. The Lebanon State Forest tree planting will be held again next year, and you should plan to be there. It's a great way for us to "give back" something to the woods that provide us with all our recreation. It's also good politics.

someone dumping, license plate numbers are also good to remember.

It's tempting to think that we live in a nation of swine, but people who don't care about the woods are simply going to dump things there because they don't know what else to do with it. Landfills cost a fortune to visit, and in some cases they won't take trash from private citizens. Still, there are ways of disposing or recycling practically everything if you spend a little

time researching the problem. So have no mercy—turn them in to the cops, and make sure the police know you're a dirt biker who cares.

HATCH ATTACK

ECEA perennial winners Jack Lafferty Jr. and Kevin Bennett are getting some trouble this year, from a New York resident by name of Steve Hatch. Steve rides an RMX and is sponsored by Moose Racing, and became famous last year by smoking half the world during his rookie year at the ISDE. Steve won the ECEA opener, the Greenbrier Enduro, one week after coming in second overall at the Louisiana National Enduro (first AA).

We've also heard a few stories about him from the other events so far this season, like the wet Ohio national,

where he was reputed to be leading the event by a fair margin, until he wound up submerged in a stream and stuck with a bike full of water. Sounds like the "all or nothing" stage to us; watch this guy closely—he's going to spend a fair amount of time in the winner's circle this

we are not part of the problem; that we can actually be a major part of the solution. Trash is easy, too-to find out who dumped it, just root through the pile until you come up with a few things with names and addresses on them, like old mail, or business papers. If you witness

NAMES AND ADDRESSES

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FOREST CLOSING

When government becomes as bloated and wasteful as humanly possible, it starts looking for ways to cut down "unnecessary" expenses while funneling an ever greater mass of money into private pockets and special interest "help me get elected" projects. New Jersey struggles through this sort of thing every year, it seems, and now Connecticut is feeling the pinch of government out of control. Specifically, the Connecticut DEP has recommended that several state facilities be closed due to budget constraints. Shenipsit, Nipmuck, Mansfield and Cockaponsett State Forests are the ones being fingered, and that would mean no possibility of approval (if there's no state agency, there's no approval) for the Snow Run, the New England Championship, the Black and Blue, Cockaponsett and Salmon River enduros.

What can you do? Pick up the phone and call your state representatives. Their names are in the phone book, and we'll give you some 800 numbers to rattle their cages on. For the Connecticut House of Repre-

WHAT'S ON

June

6/1 NETRA King Philip Jr. Enduro Wrentham, MA 6/1-2 Strawberry Festival GNCC Buckhannon, WV 6/2 NETRA New England Champ. Enduro Somers, CT 6/2 ECEA Green Marble Enduro (D-7) Whiteford, MD 6/8-9 NETRA Leon Dube Turkey Run Allenstown, NH 6/9 Woodsocross National Hare Scramble West Greenwich, RI 6/9 NY State Hare Scrambles Moravia, NY (315)784-5473 6/15-16 Blackwater 100 GNCC Davis, WV 6/16 NETRA Cockaponsett Enduro Chester, CT 6/16 New York State Hare Scrambles Little Genesee, NY (716)928-2837 6/14-16 Mountain Bike Weekend Jim Thorpe, PA (717)626-1742 6/23 NETRA King Philip Enduro Wrentham, MA 6/23 ECEA Shotgun Run Enduro Hobbie, PA 6/29-30 Cycleweek 100 GNCC Charlotte, NC 6/29 NETRA Knox Jr. Enduro Southampton, MA 6/30 Idaho National Hare Scrambles Ketchum, ID (208)726-7454 6/30 NETRA Knox Enduro Southhampton, MA

sentatives, contact the Democrats at (800)842-1902, and Republicans at (800)842-1423. For the Senate, use (800)842-1420 for the Democrats and (800)842-1421 for the Republicans. Swamp these fine folks with phone calls, telling them you oppose the closing of any park headquarters in the Connecticut State Forest system, and will not re-elect anyone who works for closing down state recreation facilities. You can reach Governor Weicker's office at (203)566-4840 (no, there's no 800 number...be glad he doesn't have a 900 number).

It brings to mind the old saw about "this winter being so cold, we actually saw some Senators with their hands in their own pockets!" Come to think of it, vote out all incumbent officials in the next election. Public office is far too powerful for us to allow anyone to get comfortable there.

SUPPORT PATRA

We've said it before, but we're going to say it once again: If you live and ride in Pennsylvania—as a matter of fact, even if you just ride in Pennsylvania—you should join up with the Pennsylvania Trail Riders Association and get active. PATRA is doing a lot to ensure the future of our sport, and their newsletter, now featuring political/legal coverage by Ginger Bucher, is a "must read" for every Pennsylvania rider. Contact them at PATRA, P.O. Box 77, Thomasville, PA 17364.

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9

THE REST OF THE WORLD

NO GUARDS

ICO Enduro Products called us to thank us for the product mention for their new ICO case guards, but also gave us the bad news that they don't have them, at the moment. It seems the supplier they were dealing with decided to go out of business, and they were left high and dry with a huge demand for case guards and none to ship. They are working on finding an alternate supplier for the aluminum guards, but so far they've come up empty handed.

On a happier note, they also revealed a new product, the ICO Smart Clock. This is a new model of their tried and true enduro clock, only the Smart Clock has the additional feature of being resetable. What does that mean to you? Well, it means that the Smart Clock is perfect for Brand-X runs, where you have to reset your rider time when you come into a check late. It also works good for the new California practice of offsetting the start time of an enduro (say, 7:15 rather than 8:00). Dealer should be getting them soon; the suggested retail will be \$99.95.

DUAL SPORT CLUB

American Suzuki has announced the formation of the Suzuki DualSport Riders Club. Membership in the club is free to anyone who owns or purchases a Suzuki DR-S DualSport bike, be it the 250, 350 or 650. The banner of the club will be a quarterly newsletter that will report on club events of note, technical tips, personalities and new products pertaining to the Suzuki line of DualSport bikes. Members will also receive a club patch and decal, as well as discount offers on exclusive club apparel.

Suzuki is also sponsoring the AMA Dual Sport and California Trailrides Dual Sport series, as well as hosting DualSport demo rides across the country, and if we can ever get Charles Halcomb from Suzuki to return our calls, we'll tell you when and where they are.

(Before you get terminally confused at the apparent rotten editing job here, let us explain that the term "dual sport" (two words) is a generic title referring to street-legal trailbike events on dual purpose motorcycles. "Dual-Sport" is a registered trademark of Suzuki Motor Corp. and denotes a particular line of motorcycles they build, the DR250S, DR350S and DR650S DualSport motorcycles. Just thought you'd want to know.)

The underlying motive behind all this is to promote Suzuki's line of on/off-road motorcycles, but at the same time it also makes them the most active motorcycle company currently promoting dual sport events. It is our opinion that they are riding the humble beginnings of what will become a huge wave in the next few years, and we're going to right there with them. You'll see a lot of articles about dual sport events in *TR* this season, and if you haven't

tried it, borrow a bike and join us one of these rides. It's great fun!

TRAIL KIDE VIDEO

If you're going to travel to the west this summer in search of good trail riding, you may want to get a copy of this video. Rick Ramsey of MavRick Productions has put together a tape of some of the best trailriding in New Mexico and southern Colorado. The thing that makes it neat is that he uses a helmet-mounted camera in a lot of sections, and you really get a feel for what riding the trail would be like. The best part is that he doesn't soak you for the video; the price is only \$15 and it's an hour long, taking in about a half-dozen riding spots. To get one, or find more information, write MavRick Productions, 3780 Ridgeway, Los Alamos NM 87544. Phone (505)662-2447 evenings.



(Jerry Bernardo)

OHIO SLIMEFEST

It's always fun to talk to people who go to ride the National Enduro in southern Ohio for the first time. They hear that it's going to be a little muddy and they shrug it off, saying "Hell, I've ridden in mud before!"

Not this mud, you haven't. This year's run featured non-stop rain before, during and after the event, and strange things happen in a forest that's slippery when *dry*. Like, most of the riders houring out at the second check; like a large majority never making it past the first check!

In all, something like 18 riders finished. Canadian Blair Sharpless took the overall win with a 69-point loss, while Jeff Russell finished with an 84 for second. We've got some tough riders locally, though, since Kevin Bennett finished

eighth overall with 121 points, NETRA rider Peter Ruggiero won the A200 class by about five checks. Bert Guerrette finished as well, but low on the list since he's an AA rider in the eyes of the AMA. Mike Snyder is supposed to be putting together a story for us, so you should be able to read about it all next month.

GNCC NEWS

Terry Cunningham appears to be storming the world in the GNCC series this year. TC won the overall at the last GNCC race in Boyers, Pennsylvania, after winning the opening round of the National Hare Scrambles series in Texas. Somebody lit a fire under him, apparently, and it's good to see him back in the saddle.

Scott Summers may be the leader of the GNCC right now, but it's hard to tell. Summers took the season opener win in Shelby, North Carolina, and has a real desire to defend his 1990 series championship and make the world fear four-strokes forever. Jeff Russell took the top spot at Loretta Lynns', the second round of the GNCC (also second AMA National), which certainly helped his standings in both series. What with Hines' and Hawkins' injuries, Russell looks like a strong leader in the National Enduro series; could he also wrestle down a series win in GNCC or AMA hare scrambles? Perhaps....

NETRA's Tommy Norton has also been cutting up the GNCC, with a class win at Loretta's, another one at Boyers, and a good finish in North Carolina. We'd tell you the numbers but all the papers are stained with spring mud, which we have here in abundance. Maybe we'll get a report from Tommy down the road.

HINES MENDING

Wonder why Kevin Hines did so bad at the Louisiana National Enduro? Or why he missed the Ohio round? Well, at Louisiana he hit a stump and went over the bars, landing on his hip on another stump. He was hurting bad, but got back on the bike and finished, and then limped around for a couple of days before he finally went to see a doctor and found out that he had fractured his pelvis. It wasn't a displaced fracture, but it was bad enough to put him on crutches and keep him off a bicycle or motorcycle for at least eight weeks.

We stopped by to see him after the aborted Monahan enduro, and he had passed the crutch stage but was still moving slowly—a lot slower than his usual wide-open speed walking.

He was bored, naturally, and about ready to strangle something out of frustration; but was heading for a fishing tournament for something to do that day. We feel sorry for the fish. Naturally, he missed the Tulsa qualifier as well, and the Union, South Carolina, national enduro, but he plans to be back and winning on the RMX by the middle of the summer.



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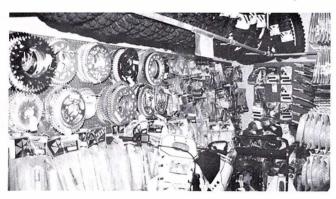






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Daytona Scrap Book

Journalists in paradise

Words and drawings by Jerry Bernardo

Photos by Sid Dickson, Kato Kariya, and Elaina Reynolds

Daytona Beach, FL

Editor's note: we were offered a unique opportunity for this story. Jerry Bernardo, mad helmet painter of Black Rainbow fame and defacto President of Fah-Q Racing, Inc., volunteered to travel to Daytona and record his thoughts, illustrating as best he knew how along the way. The following is what transpired. Please be assured that all the usual disclaimers apply to this story, and that all opinions expressed are unsubstantiated and ill-advised, and should not be considered intellectual fare for the world's greatest minds. This is simply entertainment; just like Daytona.

Day 1: PROLOGUE

It was written, my mission lay before me. To go to "Bike week in Daytona" and be the Trail Rider courtroom sketch artist. I felt like Hunter S. Thompson after a huge whiff of Cam 2 & Doop a Loop.

"Don't ask me how, don't ask me why, just be there." Kariya said, almost begging forgiveness.

Now, forced from the fume-laden confines of the Black Rainbow, I would look forward to six days of being "stuck inbetween" a zillion Harley dudes and plush college chicks who won't look at you unless you have the

champion logo stuck on your forehead.
—Could this be heaven?

Nestled amongst the credit cards of journalistic luminaries from Backoff Magazine and Dirt Rider, I felt a warmth...call me crazy, but the motocamaraderie of this venture made me squirm with pre-Greylock anticipation.

Having been informed our mode of transport would be a '91 convertible Sunbird, I painted two magnetic signs for it. Emblazoned with our club logo and the words "Domestic Violence Unit."

—It seemed appropriate

I knew fate was on my side when switching planes in North Carolina. I spotted NETRA bigwig Jerry Shinners heading for the same gate as me. I declined the once-in-a-lifetime chance to embarrass him from the satan on my left shoulder.

—Last place he expected to see me. On the way to the hotel I was reminded what bike week means in Italian: "traffic." I had painted a new helmet for Kevin Hines and he had expected it to arrive in the mail on Wednesday. Wasn't he surprised when Charles Halcomb, Mark Kariya, Mike Brogan and

When in Rome, try to act inconspicuous. Cheering on the boys at the Alligator.







myself snuck into his hotel room at 11 p.m. to deliver it. Kevin's mother said his bedtime is 9:00. I dive at the bed with said lid on. Hines is shocked somewhat to see me, but more at the flash bulbs of Kato's camera!

—Troy Lee never makes housecalls.

Day 2: ALLIGATOR ENDURO

This morning Kato goes running at 6:00. On vacation; and the first day starts at 6:00.

-Scary.

Many stickers are dispensed at the pits at the Alligator. These guys are all cheery, looking

forward to fifty miles of sand whoops. Probably the biggest, happiest, and loudest of them all is the infamous Sidney Dickson.

—Take this man drinking.

We are pitting for Susumo Morioka of *Backoff Magazine* in Japan. He has borrowed an RMX from Halcomb and is on his way.

At the first gas stop/spectator point, we arrive just in time for the display ritual of the "H & H Minute." Allan Gravitt takes this wide sweeper pitched full on like Bubba Shobert on velcro, followed by Barry Higgins, and Brett "Parts Duke."

—The backbone of Georgia.

Its mega hot now and my big Guinea nose is burning red like a hot Dynoport on a 125. Turns out that Blair Sharpless from Canada dropped 16, followed by New Jersey's Kevin Bennett with 17, then Hines with 18.

It took Susumu six hours to finish ninety miles. Now he knows some new American phrases, such as "monkey butt" and "whoops as deep as graves" and "tight last section." When even Hines says it's first gear; beware and barkbusters.

Day 3: HOME COOKIN'

The first call of the day is reminiscent of why I choose no booze. Lumpy's buddy Webster spearheaded his own little "tour de maximum input" Thursday night. His finale and encore included the classic nineteen year-old face plant. Yes folks, he did smash his two front teeth in half.

-Booze is Evil.

We spent this glorious day on Daytona Beach. For those of you who have never been there, you are allowed to drive on the beach. You know, single file with lotsa rules. Anyhoo, the people-watching meter is five stars. All sorts of Harleys and custom cars and I noticed some girls in string bikinis.

I promised everyone I would cook dinner tonight. Lombelly has a suite with a kitchen, so it's thumbs up. While I'm cooking we are throwing chunks of chicken fat to the seagulls (not a traditional college prank). Kevin Hines and Susumu and Kato are invited. Hines has had the food of the gods ala Jerry before, so he is en route in the Suzuki box van. He almost plows into a mountain biking Jerry Shinners, so out of the goodness of his heart he invites him to dinner.



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Psst! get to the food! Oh yeah; we got a double batch of chicken scampi over angel hair pasta, rotini with meat sauce, and a huge vat of ever-decadent hot fudge sauce.

—Ten people. Nothing was left.



Shinners' only comment to me was: "I thought you didn't have any talent!" Au contrare, mon bald one.

—Italians don't kid about food.

Don Morioka requests escort into the infamous Boot Hill Saloon. He is right, though—you don't see many Japanese photo journalists in there. First we stop back at our hotel for our coats because it's raining. Heliwell

and Hines wait at the car and the others run up to the room.

Coming out of my hotel door & walking towards the parking garage I hear tires screeching (not unusual for bike week). I look across

> just in time to see a van smash right through a fence and out the side of the third-floor parking garage.

> > -I was waiting for someone to yell

Luckily, the van only dropped one story, as the lobby was beneath. Unlucky was the Harley that moments before had been minding its own business in the spot she passed through. The van is on its nose on the roof of the lobby. The Harley is mashed next to it like a downed rodeo calf. No injuries or anything; it's almost comical. They picked it off the roof with a crane three hours later.

—Disney photo spot.

We crawl thru traffic to the Boot Hill. Susumu and I get dropped off in front and go in. Lotsa stuff hanging from the



ceiling-type place, fulla wet bikers and cigarette smoke. Sus is snapping away at this and that whilst I'm applying some strategic Fah-Q stickers. Rounding the bar, I spot the photo I know Sus needs. A half-sloshed dude is swilling beer out of an artificial limb. In this case, a leg from the knee down, complete with a shoe. I ask him to pose and the dude's a lit fuse. He grabs an equally inebriated young lady who helps him drink from his podiatrist's chalice of love. Oh yeah, and he lifted up her shirt too.

—All I heard was motor wind (this was

Top: Sidney Dickson on the 'Blades at the Boot Hill Saloon.

Left: Imaginative parking job at the hotel. I wated for somebody to yell "cut!"



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41st ALLIGATOR ENDURO

by Joe Fondren

At least 500 of the estimated 360,000 motorcycles that were in Daytona Beach, Florida, for the 50th anniversary of the annual Bike Week celebration were not Harleys. On the riders of these 500 bikes, no salt and pepper hair and beards protruded from under black Nazi helmets, very few tattoos were visible, and there sure as hell weren't any bronze figures in string bikinis with slender backs pressed against sissy bars. These were dirt bikes. Most of the best riders in North America were here to ride the 41st Alligator Enduro, a race whose longevity and close proximity to Bike Week have made it one of the best known off-road events in the nation.

I knew I had no business being on the same trail with most of these riders, but I wouldn't have

taken a year's supply of Bel Ray for my spot on row 17. The 87 ground miles flogged me good, and the consensus I got from other riders was that I wasn't alone. I was almost pleased with my 33rd place out of 62 in my class.

There wasn't as much deep sand as in some Florida events, but plenty of palmetto roots, bar-banging woods sections, and enough coal-black mud to do ten year's worth of Tide commercials. With the high temps around 80 degrees, occasional clouds, and gusty wind in the open places, I'd say the weather had a neutral effect.

Overall, the Daytona Dirt Riders had a well organized event, and we're already looking forward to next year's Alligator, to ride with another "Who's Who" of North American dirt riders.

> Larry Roeseler and friend before the start. "Swamps? What swamps?"



one's computer, writing; so I assume said pit pass and accompany Don Morioka to the track. There's not much to it from the pit area. Bikes flash by at about 140. After a few laps: Boring. I choose refuse in the couch at the Arai Hospitality Suite.

-Nice monitors. Cold soda. Nice.

—First hurdle crossed.

I'm wandering around credentialess for two

hours before Brian Weston of Arai realizes my dilemma. A pass is found and I am free. No

longer shall I hide from the angry stares of the

security guards. Yes, now I troll the grounds,

the pits. There are people to see, monologues

Stanton took the win for the third year in a

row, but Jean Michel Bayle gets the hero ride.

Caught in a first turn blowout, Jean Michel

started twenty-third and by the end of the moto

was third. Fine mud riding Dr. Bayle,

Fah-Q/Cliff's Cycles Ted Blackman,

on a KTM got in a few motos that day,

but failed to make the main. He got

some cash back, and that's always a

Day 5: ARAI 200

Kariya will spend the day at some-

to do, stickers to dispense. So be it!

treat.

At the end of the day, the winner is Miguel Duhamel of Canada. Son of Famed Racey Yvonne Duhamel. Pole-sitter Doug Polens' Ducati crapped out right away, so the favored one sat idle for the afternoon.

That's about it. After the Arai 200 we dropped

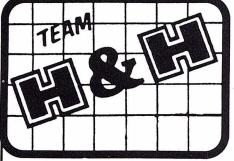
kinda fun).

"I think we got it all eh Sus?" "Hai, Jerry! Hai!"

Day 4: SUPERCROSS

Today is the Supercross. I have no ticket, no

pass, niente, nothing. Have I not paid attention? We followed Bevo's hot shortcuts to the track. up to the press tunnel. Still I have nothing. The antique security guard is so caught up in examining passes up front, he doesn't even see me.



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From lower left: Starting line at the Alligator, Dick Bettencourt's unusual ride on the beach at Daytona, and the 3-D Twins take on a double feature at Epcot. Racing? Yeah, there was racing. Somebody else covered it.

Fran Kuhn off at his hotel. Fran tells me that the "Vanilla Schwarzenegger" is staying in the adjacent room. Having

spoken to said luminary before, I trounce right over and knock. The man in question is none other than Joe "Jail" Colombero, Suzuki big-

bero, Suzuki bigshoe. He is sleeping so I give him a Tom Webb "Wanted by Fah-Q" shirt and leave. On vacation, people don't wake up to me at their door.

—I'm Joe's worst nightmare (but I got garments).



We drive to Orlando, for the next day we go to Epcot center. Don Morioka leaves for Japan in the a.m. He is completely stocked with stickers, one-half of the magnetic set, and most of my personal t-shirts. I can just imagine the look of horror his japanese compatriots give as he pulls them out of his luggage. East meets West. It was a Sushi Test.

-Poor Kids.

EPILOGUE

If I could do it again, I wouldn't change a thing. Without Mark Kariya none of it would have been possible. In a nut shell, bike week means traffic. If you can handle six days of that, you're all set. If you have a Black Harley T-shirt leave it home (it's too hot for black).

—Fah-Q Roving President for Life —Jerry Bernardo.



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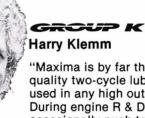
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HUSQVARNA 125WXE

Testing Husky's smallest enduro machine

Right up front, we have to say that the Husky 125WXE is a bike that has successfully reminded us of how much fun it is to ride a 125. 125cc machines are the lightest-weight bikes you can buy, and anybody who claims that weight isn't an issue is eating sour grapes (he probably rides a four-stroke). Low weight means less inertial forces to fight when you

come flailing into a turn. It means lighter springs and less stress on the suspension system. It also means less weight to pick up if you wind up upside-down in the bushes, or buried in mud.

The 125WXE is not the lightest 125 you can get. Husky claims a dry weight of 205 pounds; once you get the bike topped off with oil, gas and anti-freeze you're looking at around 222 pounds, but that's still less than most 250s weigh with a dry tank. Ride a bike this light in the woods, and all of a sudden everything gets a lot easier. The bumps don't feel as big, you don't have to wrestle the bike trough turns, and just touching the brakes will haul you down to a dead stop.

The only thing you have to come to terms with is the horsepower. There's no getting around the fact that a 125 is half of what a 250 is, and for most guys that alone is an insurmountable obstacle. When you hammer into a turn on a 125. chances are you'll have to downshift two gears to make a clean exit. If the turn is a sharp one, off of a fast trail, you may have to bang down three or four gears in order to pull yourself out of the turn. This is what separates the true 125 riders from the pretenders. Being able to dance on the shift lever; that is the key

SMOOTH POWER

It can be a lot of fun, and the Husky tries to make it easy for you. This 125 has a lot of low-end punch, compared to a converted Japanese motocrosser, which is the standard enduro 125 these days. The overall gearing is also quite low, allowing easy use of first gear, and possibly pulling away in second from everything but a dead stop. Power delivery up through the midrange to the top is pretty linear, with a little bit of a hit at the upper midrange, but nothing uncontrollable. Basically, the

Husky engineers did a good job of delivering the power in this bike.

The one trait it doesn't share with last year's 125 is the heavy flywheel effect. This '91 125WXE is a quick-revving machine; not quite as violent as a Japanese 125, but nowhere near as slow as the 1990 machine. If you recall, last year we suggested that all but rank beginners

This is what a glorious wheelie looks like one second before the front end comes up. We didn't care; this Husky is fun to ride, light and great handling. With all that, we don't need wheelies!

replace the '90 ignition with a unit off of a motocrosser. The '91 doesn't need that; the stock ignition is just what you'd want on a 125 enduro bike.

Our only complaint with the Husky's power was with a low top gear ratio. The bike seemed to top out comfortably at around 55-60 mph, which is a little low for an enduro transmission. Like we said, though, first gear seems very low as well, so perhaps the 125WXE can be improved—for more aggressive riders—by raising the overall gearing.

Shifting through those gears is a snap, and

one of the features of this bike that sets it ahead of its main competition, the KTM 125. The problem with the KTM has always been shifting; you simply have to back off the throttle to get a clean upshift on the KTM, and that's not the fastest way through the gears on a 125. The WXE, on the other hand, doesn't particularly care what you're doing with the throttle. When

you want to shift, just toe-up on the lever. Even with the carb slide jammed to the top, the transmission will merrily snap into the next gear, and then the gear after that. This bike should be the terror of hare scrambles starts everywhere, because few 125s shift as cleanly as this.

RIDING A MATTRESS

The WXE doesn't give away anything in the suspension department. Stock forks are the latest cartridge White Powers, with adjustable compression and rebound settings, and the rear uses a piggyback White Power shock, similarly adjustable. The nice thing about the latest White Powers is that the adjusters finally do something; you can actually tune these forks to some extent, using the clickers.

Extremely serious riders, especially ones who don't stray far from very rocky, slow terrain, may find a need to have the suspension units revalved on this bike, but we'd urge you to try it our before you spend any money on it. Our first ride on the bike was on pretty easy trails, punctuated here and there by holes and washboard, and the WXE went over it like riding a mattress. This is not typical for White Powers—we're used to being bounced all around in the

little bumps.

Hitting fallen logs netted us the same quality feel: the first log we hit made the back end hop up a little, so we cranked the rear compression down to 1, and raised the rebound up to 8. No more bounce.

The front end behaved perfectly on logs with the stock settings: #2 on the compression, and 3 clicks on the rebound. The WXE works just as well on rocks, soft and compliant, really sure-footed. The only drawback to the suspension was the front tire, but in terrain other than

deep sand it should work much better.

Handling wise, the WXE is neutral. It has a long-wheelbase feel in the fast stuff, real confidence-inspiring and sure-footed. Somewhat like the old Huskys, but when you finally have to turn it everything changes. Where the old Huskys were horribly slow at getting around corners, this bike practically thrives on it. You can pitch it into a berm and have it hug the line without complaint, or stay upright on it and thread your way through tight trees without wearing out your arms. It's the best cross between stability and nimbleness we've seen in a while.

LITTLE THINGS

The WXE is painfully easy to start. A half-hearted poke at the kickstarter gets things buzzing away, and that's the way it should be. Our carb jetting seemed a little on the rich side, but it never affected the starting or running, other than not needing the choke on for long when cold. On the suggestion of Joe Morel, we even raised the needle a notch when the bike was brand new, richening it even more. Why? The



We were impressed with the suspension. The 125 is very cushy, and should be fun in most terrain. Stock tires are good in mud.

Huskys are set up very tight, and it's much better to break them in in a rich condition than a lean one. A hundred miles with it almost blubbering will work out to a much longer life for the stock piston.

Seating position on the bike is good, although the handlebars could use a slightly lower rise and the seat is a little strange. Strange, only because the top of the seat is very rounded. We're all used to seats being flat on top, so the rounded Husky seats seem strange at first. The more we ride it, though, the more we're getting to like it.

The brakes at both ends seemed plenty strong for the bike. We never lost the rear brake in the tight stuff, but if you're dragging the brake on a 125 you definitely have a fear problem. Brake dragging means horsepower robbing, and no 125 rider needs that.

The rear brake is especially welcome. Last

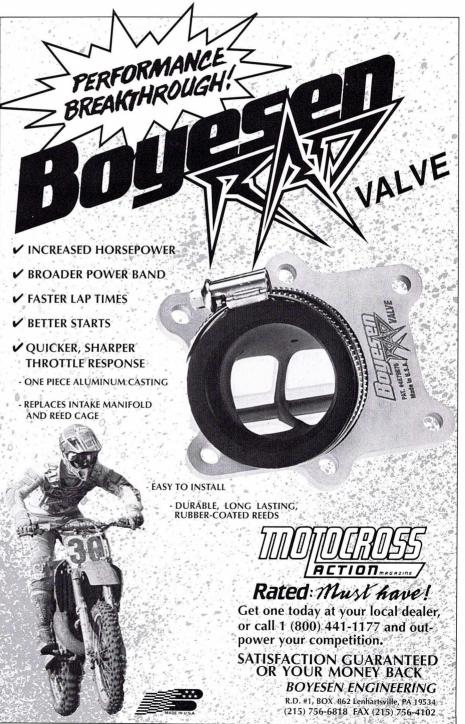
year's drum brake worked okay, but it wore quickly and exhibited all the bad manners (fade



in water, mud, sand) attributable to drum brakes, and disc brake technology has advanced so much at this stage of the game that we're plain glad to see it go. Rear discs plain work better, and in the long run they're easier to maintain.

Grab the clutch on this bike, and you'll swear the cable isn't hooked up. It takes no effort at all to pull the clutch in, and we haven't even lubed the cable yet. Even in the tightest riding, we couldn't get the clutch to slip or change

The WXE's engine features more power than the 1990 model, as well as less flywheel weight. Shifting is excellent, gearing could be a little wider.

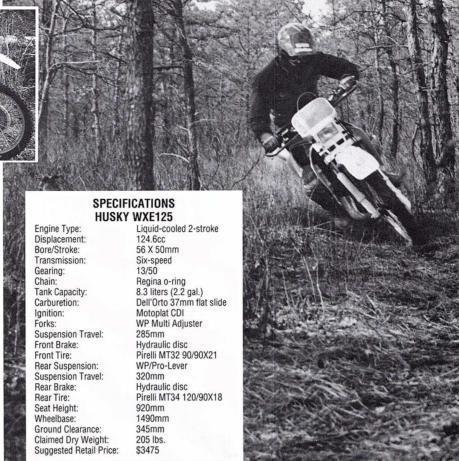




adjustment. Really works nice.

The WXE also comes with a spares kit, containing extra gearing and such, and with it you can go a long way towards tuning the bike to suit you without spending lots of extra money. This is a nice little touch from those friendly folks in Italy.

Overall, we were impressed. We liked last year's 125 for its handling and suspension, but gave it low marks for a slow-revving engine. The '91 WXE has a light ignition on board, revs quite a bit faster, and the suspension is even better than before. All in all, it's a nice bike; one we hope to put many miles on before they come take it back!



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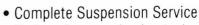






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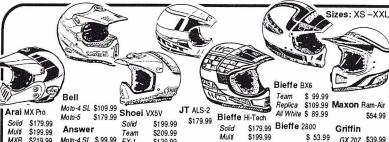


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By the Trail Rider Staff

IRON CLADDING

As you well know, Sinisalo is the Finnish manufacturer of a line of very high quality riding and racing clothes. The Sinisalo SCD riding gear is generally very pricey, but worth it if you

value fit and the ability to wear like iron.

Well, unknown to most people, Sinisalo also makes an enduro iacket. The SCD iacket contains a lot of the features of the SCD pants, and a couple of interesting details of its own. First, it has built-in padding for the shoulders and elbows. This closedcell padding doesn't take the place of hardshell plastic guards, such as that found on chest protectors, but the pads are large enough to allow you to go without a chest protector and still get

decent protection in case of a crash. At the same time, the jacket is roomy enough to allow you to wear a low-profile chest protector under-

neath, if you like.

We had the opportunity to test the elbow pads on the jacket in a high-speed low-side, and can attest that they indeed kept the hard ground from making an impression on our soft flesh there wasn't even any bruising, to speak of. After washing, the jacket itself shows no sign of the crash, leading us to believe that it is constructed just as sturdily as Sinisalo's pants.

There are plenty of pockets on board. The usual two waist pockets are roomy and snap securely, and there are two chest pockets up

> above. Both zip open at an angle, rather than straight up. making them a lot easier to get into than the usual vertical pocket. The left side chest pocket is inside the lining of the jacket, making it a perfect place for your wallet, ID, or whatever cash you may be carrying. We carried an extra pair of goggles in there, so you know it has plenty of room.

Two other zippers are hidden under seams at the front of the shoulders, but they're not for pock-

ets. These are air vents, that come in very handy on a warm ride. The rear of the jacket has a flap that hugs tight to the body but is always open, so when you open the vents or the front of the jacket you get immediate flow-through ventilation. The SCD jacket is water-repellent, not Gore-Tex or any other space age material. This means you can't expect miracles from it in very rainy weather, but then you don't have the care headaches that go along with Gore-Tex material. It is made from that heavy duty Cordura that you expect fine jackets to be made out of, and it seems like it'll last for a long time.

Price: Around \$150. Company: Sinisalo Pacific, 27811 Avenue Hopkins #10, Valencia CA 91355; (805)257-3386.

SPARE BAR

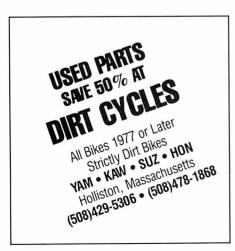
 \mathbf{T} his is a pretty simple item, but you have to wonder why no one has thought of it up to now. Enduro Engineering is selling a replacement crossbar for your Renthal, KTM, or Answer Aluminite aluminum handlebars. No, it's not for when you bend yours, but rather so you can mount your timekeeping equipment to it and then remove it when you want to go trail riding.

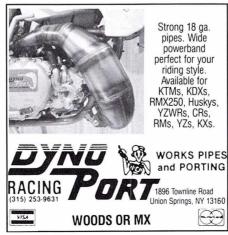
Rather than having to mess with hose clamps and rubber tubing every time, you take the two bolts out of the crossbar, leave it on the bench, install the replacement, and then go riding.



Simple and elegant. Hines and Hawkins and all the rest of those fast guys already do this with a spare stock bar, but this one is a little larger and reputedly stronger than stock. Check it out.

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FUNHOGS IN MEXICO

Northeast meets South of the Border in a great motorcycle adventure

by Paul Clipper; photos by Clipper, Ken Ciocci and Jerry Shinners

Creel, Chihuahua, Mexico

just left a group of five guys and a stuffed squirrel behind in the Dallas airport. Nick Corwin, Ken Ciocchi, Vince Vredenberg, Jerry Shinners and Kevin "He Man" Sobelesky just headed back to New York state and New England, and I'm on my way to Philadelphia, then back home to the woods of South Jersey. Some of us are walking kind of slow right now; all are suffering from a lack of sleep and the effects of various mild poisons—beer, bad water, questionable foods and far too much raw fun...well, all except the squirrel. What the heck, we had an extremely good time getting to this awful condition.

We've been involved in an adventure, of sorts. Back in January, we all decided to cast our caution to the wind and sign up for one of Great Motorcycle Adventures' Copper Canyon tours. The business is run by Les French, with help from his daughter Leslie and partner Craig Hoernke, and the concept is pretty simple: you pay your money, bring your bike to El Paso, and then drive on down to Creel, a small town in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. From Creel, you ride various loops in the canyons and river valleys that make up the parts of an area known loosely as Copper Canyon.

After a couple of days, you ride down through one of the deep canyons to a very small and ancient jungle town by name of Batopilos and rough it for a night or two. Then you ride back through all that gorgeous scenery to Creel for one more night, and then drive back to El Paso the next day. The drive to and from Creel each take a whole day; the riding time for the trip is five days. The cost is around \$875 if you take

your own bike, about \$1350 if you rent one from GMA, and all lodging, meals, transportation, gasoline, guides and fresh water are included. Yes, the fresh water is important.

MORE THAN MERELY RIDING

Mexico is a very different sort of place than what you're used to. Certainly, the aristocrats

down there must recoil in horror when they hear their country referred to as a "Third World Nation," but there's no getting around the fact that Mexico is a poor country and one with a lot of problems we're not used to confronting.

Like, for example, the water thing. The absolute best tack for a U.S. citizen to take when dealing with Mexican tap water is to treat it like deadly poison. No slur intended; most Mexican nationals will agree. The stuff needs to be filtered, cleaned, boiled or bleached before you can pour it down your throat, or it'll turn you into

a double-barreled version of The Eruption of Vesuvius in technicolor. The major culprit—although there are other little bugs in it—is a little amoeba that thrives in polluted water and just loves to get into heavy cell division once it hits your belly. Like most single-celled creatures, it only takes a drop of water to get inside you; which is where most people meet their doom.

Rinse your toothbrush under the tap, and you've got it. Open your mouth in the shower, and it's "Hello Montezuma!" We had no trouble, in Mexico. Afterwards...uhhl....

There are plenty of other differences. A totally different political system, a bureaucracy that...well, probably isn't any worse than ours,



Regrouping in a canyon bottom on the first day. Riding the canyons and riverbeds was the most fun, by far.

but much more arrogant. The economy is totaled, although better than in the past, meaning that everybody you meet is much poorer than you, which can create friction. There also are very few laws to get in the way of decent dirt bike riding, but at the same time if you find yourself wronged in one way or the other, it's very difficult to get yourself "righted" again.





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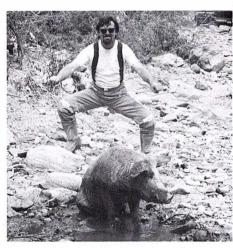
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Outside of the major cities, the health care is substandard, compared to what we're used to, so when you're taking a chance on a fast turn



From top: Nick Corwin descends a rocky trail near Batopilos: two of the local girls check us out: and Rob Bertino insists that a true fun hog will ride anything. Hey, it's good in the mud but it runs like a pig.



on your YZ, you're taking a very big chance indeed.

Basically, it spells one thing: adventure. The excitement of not knowing exactly what's going to happen to you, one minute to the next, one place to the next. Les French understands this concept only too well, and he packages and sells it to fun hogs like Jerry, Nick, Kevin, Ken, Vince and myself. And there's no doubt that he ioins into the fun as well.

So we're going to tell you about the riding here, but keep in mind that, when it's all said and done, the riding just plain turns out to be a small part of the whole thing. Hey, after all, you're only going to ride when it's light outside, and the world spends a lot more time dark this



time of year.

Who said anything about sleeping? RELENTLESS TWO-TRACK

We spent the first day on a shakedown cruise. all us New Englanders outfitted with rental bikes. Nick, Jerry and I were riding Yamaha TT 350s, 1986 vintage. Kevin had a late model XL600, and Vince was piloting a Yamaha TT 225. After dinner the night before, we'd fitted most of them with new tires that Craig had mounted on wheels back in Texas. My bike was basically new, having been stored in Les's garage for a year or so. Actually, it belonged to a friend and client of his named John Larrison,

who had installed a White Power rear shock and had the forks tricked out. Thanks, John!

The new-looking, clean TT350 provoked all sorts of jealous comments, but everybody lost interest when I turned the gas on in the morning and fuel poured out of the carb overflow. tapped the float bowl with a rock and it stopped, rode it 100 yards and it started again. Basically I rode it all morning like that, using a tank and a half of gas where everybody else used maybe a gallon. We came back for lunch and a little maintenance, and after taking the carb off and putting it back on again about six times, I'd finally set the float height so it was correct. End of problem.

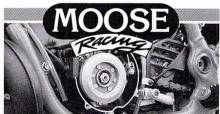
Four other guys joined us for the ride. Rob Bertino is a construction worker, dual sport rider and fun hog from northern California. Rob rides an XR500 rigged out street legal, and he rode it to Creel from El Paso, rather than take his van. Fred Morr Jr. joined us also; another Texan. Fred had in-laws in Cuauhtemoc. Mexico, and basically we picked him up on the way. Fred looks like a linebacker and rides an XR250. Tom Bolger and Jim Wigington are both from Colorado, both retired oil businessmen. They were trailering a pair of brand-new Suzuki RMX250s, and this would be the break-in for

Our morning ride took us out and around the countryside, we really weren't sure where. Our mission was to follow Craig and get used to the machines. We wound up following a riverbed canyon, crossing the stream many times along the way.

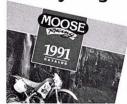
The terrain was a lot like California—dry, dusty, very mountainous, and plenty of deep canyons to explore. All the riverbeds we rode through had water flowing through them, making it pretty simple to get wet. Unlike the high desert down around Chihuahua, in this part of the country we're high up enough to be in the trees. No tight stuff, to speak of, but some nice, narrow two-track through the woods here and there.

CLOSER TO THE EDGE

On the second day of riding, we really got a taste of what the area was like. We took a long loop, leaving at about nine a.m. and heading west, roughly following the route of the Copper Canyon railroad. The part of this road coming out of Creel must be one of the worst pieces of



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highway in North America, and there are potholes big enough to swallow a small bus in random spots along the way. We took it easy to a point not far up the road, where Craig turned off and up a small two-track into the hills. We scrambled up and down one set of hills, into another one of those glorious Mexican river valleys. We regrouped at the bottom, and then headed down river, toward the big canyon.

It's difficult to describe what it's like to ride up one of these river valleys. Because of the tremendous floods that are possible during the rainy season, the riverbeds are much wider than they need to be. Consequently, you have a path of gravel, stones, and rocks that can be as wide as 100 yards or more, with a six to 12-foot wide stream meandering down it. The base is mostly flat, maybe with ridges or small cliffs in it now and then, and the ones we rode also had faint tracks from truck traffic running down most of it.

To ride them, you just upshift and hold on, blasting down the gravel path and fording the stream as it wanders across your path every hundred yards or so. If you attack the stream crossing, you throw a big splash, and pretty soon you get very wet and cold. So, for the most part, you jam on the brakes and slow to a wading speed for every crossing, and then high-tail it off towards the next crossing. It's high speed, semi-technical, and tons of fun.

The canyon narrowed quickly when we got into it, and soon the road turned into a littleused two-track that in places was grassy, and in other places leaf-covered. Most bizarre; apparently some of the trees in this region lose their leaves in the spring, and along with the cool and cloudy weather we were riding under it felt just like fall all of a sudden.

This narrow part of the canyon was incredibly scenic, with many rock outcroppings jutting into the canyon proper, here and there with obvious caves in them. Some of the cave walls were smoke-stained black, evidence of Indian occupation now and then. We'd been seeing plenty of the Tarahumara Indians, famous mostly for their feats of marathon running (probably mentioned in any encyclopedia but not important here), hard to miss because of their penchant for bright clothes, much like the Quechua Indians of Peru. Out in the wild, the Indians scatter and hide when we come along, or watch from a safe distance with obvious interest.

Being watched is one of the weirdest parts of this trip so far,

because everywhere we stop, no matter how remote, we obviously aren't alone. A few minutes sitting and scanning the view usually reveals a dark face, way off somewhere, watching and waiting for us to go by, or a flock of small goats scatters into the brush, with the shepherd no where to be seen, but obviously close by. It's a strange but thrilling sensation.

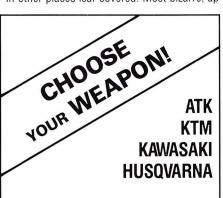
We didn't get far up into the canyon when our first flat tire of the day came up. Nick punched a front wheel, not a mile up the river, while Craig and four others of us put a good ten miles on him. Craig went back to fix it, and we hung out in the woods, between a couple Indian farms. I



Rob, Jerry and Fred trying to find the best view of Copper Canyon. The scenery is just plain awesome.

never really thought we'd be this careless, but by the end of the week we'd set a record for flat tires for a GMA group. On the last day of riding I suffered the 12th and final flat, and on Saturday morning the patch job had failed, so I was also number 13. For 10 people, 13 flats in a week is pretty poor. Sorry, Craig!
HIGH SPEED HAULING

The river valley/canyon ride ended in two mean, nasty climbs and descents before we



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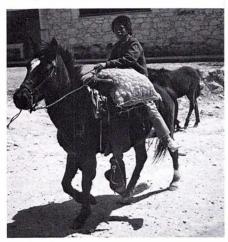
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Top: Breakfast time in Batopilos. A year ago, this town was at the end of the road. Below: One of the local riders cruising by, on his way to a potato delivery.



came back out to the same road we'd started on, 15 miles farther down. Kevin managed to punch a hole in his engine case in this last bit, but Craig was prepared with a wad of epoxy putty, and it was good as new in five minutes. We were beginning to appreciate the huge amount of tools and spares Craig was carrying!

The road carried us up to a lookout over Copper Canyon, at El Divisidero, a train stop and hotel in the middle of nowhere. The road here was in much better shape than it was close to Creel, and we took the opportunity to let the bikes hang out for a bit. The TT350 was good for an easy 75 mph along here, and there was very little carbon left in the cylinder when I arrived at the lunch stop!

At the canyon we gawked, had some lunch, bought some trinkets from the Indians and sampled some of the local fast food (gorditas and burritos), and then honked back down the road 30 miles to Creel. We were itching to get down into the canyon, and we were promised that all the scenery we'd witnessed so far was punk compared to what was coming up.

Getting back that night I realized my left leg was burning badly, and I was pretty sure it wasn't on fire. Fuel must have been leaking again, and the next morning I checked it and discovered that the fuel tank on the mighty 350 had cracked, victim of octane booster or gasolhol stored in the tank too long. Craig and I tried to swap the bad tank with the one on the TT225, but it wasn't even close. I had a choice: I could

ride the 225 into Batopilos, or Craig's XL600. Always believing in the lesser of two evils (and having past experience with XLs), I opted for the 225. It was the end of my high speed antics, and a return to a grim suspension. Oh well.

INTO THE ABYSS

Wednesday night, we were at the end of the world. Batopilas could just as well be in a western town in the 1800s. The streets are either dirt or cobblestone, the buildings are stucco, and a horse or donkey is just as common transportation

as a pickup truck. Ruins of a mining operation across the river have the date 1898 on them, and at the time the town is said to have contained 30,000 souls. Now, it doesn't seem that 1000 people may be roaming these streets, tourists included.

Batopilas was one of the first towns in Mexico to have electric power, so we're not lacking for light. You won't find a microwave oven in Batopilas. Still, wild discrepancies exist—the house two doors down from our hotel has a modern satellite dish in the yard, and at night the glow of a color TV can be seen through the screen-less windows!

Truly an odd place. The edge of the earth in

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Traveling Trail Rider

the 1990s. Indians roam through town, wearing cotton loincloths and haircuts like Moe Howard, while local girls giggle by wearing "Hard Rock Cafe" t-shirts.

The ride here was a five-hour descent into the canyon, that became more spectacular with every turn in the road. Brownish-red cliffs and wide-open views through unbelievable canyon lands. High up, at the canyon rim at 8000 feet, the road cuts through pine forests. As we dropped into the canyon the humidity kept creeping higher along with the air temperature, and every hundred feet down brought new species of plants. When we finally hit the bottom of the canyon, the climate and flora were definitely tropical. Every house and garden had at least one mango tree in it, as well as citrus trees and, if we looked close enough, banana trees, here and there.

What a switch! Where it was 60 degrees and dry up on the rim (65 kilometers away by road). it was 80 degrees and damp at the bottom. We wouldn't need jackets for the next day's riding.

We went down to the town square that night. where a small band was playing and an open-air dance happening. All the men were dressed in jeans and western-style shirts, the basic dress of the region, and all wore white straw hats. The women were simply dressed to kill, as they are wont to do at social occasions everywhere (brings to mind the ECEA banquet).

ANIMAL HOUSE

Even though this story is getting mighty long, I have to set down a few words about our accommodations in Batopilos. We stayed in one of three hotels in town, and of them all, this place was the most basic. Our rooms were upstairs: two beds in a small cubicle created from thin walls of fiberboard tacked onto 2X2's and spiked in place. Looking up through the rafters, the tin roof was clearly visible, and looking down through the cracks in the floor, so were the occupants below.

There were two bathrooms downstairs. One, at the end of two dark rooms, had only cold water—a toilet, sink and shower all in the same space. The other bathroom was out in the garden, in a separate adobe shed. This one proudly displayed a wood-fired water heater outside the door, and if we wanted to wash, Jose, the owner of the hacienda, would fire it up and get the



water toasty for us.

Pretty basic accommodations, really, and at first sight most of us wanted to bail out, back to the land of indoor plumbing. Worse yet, trying to sleep at night was comical. Every slight noise in the "dorm" would echo off the ceiling, making the slightest snore or rude body noise easily enjoyable for everyone. Also, there was a chicken yard out front. The slightest provocation would get the roosters crowing, at



Les French talks to a Tarahumara, out for an afternoon of drumming in the hills. Nick, Ken and Craig in the local equivalent of

any time at night; which would prompt roosters at the other end of town to answer, provoking vet another response from the fowl at our end of town. Usually the turkeys would join in as well, and it was difficult to know just how long it was all going to go on.

There was no doubt when they woke up, though. At four in the morning every bird in that

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Traveling Trail Rider

canyon started discussing what it was going to do that day, and there was no sound sleeping



Changing flat #12 on our last day of riding.

Kevin Sobeleski learns the meaning of the term "quicksand" in a riverbed canyon.

to be had after that.

We spent the second day riding around the area and touring local sights, including a stone mission in the nearby hamlet of Satevo, well over 200 years old and inaccessible by vehicle up until last year. The scenery was simply incredible, the people warm and friendly, and by late in the afternoon we were all settled and forgot about wanting to leave. We froze another night in the dorm, then bid farewell to Batopilos on Friday morning.

We rode 65 kilometers to a truck stop, then gassed up and took a cut- off from the main

road through another canyon. More glorious two- track, a final helping of dust and high-speed dirt roads, and we were finishing up in Creel. We'd ridden 400 miles that week, almost to the foot.

HOOKING IN

Friday night, we finally hit the true flavor of Mexico. We were staying in the Cascada Inn in Creel, right next door to our previous lodgings at the Parador de la Montana, and we were told that a band would be coming to liven things up at the hotel bar that night. The "band" turned out to be one guy with a guitar, but he played and sang Mexican folks songs so well, we were charmed. Soon, the owner of the hotel got up to join him, singing in a voice even better, and



by the end of the night all the patrons of the bar were singing along, including us, for what it was worth.

We came away from the experience a lot

smarter than we were when we started. The most astounding experience was the unending friendliness of the Mexican people—sitting on the porch of the Hotel Carmen in Batopilos, you could wear yourself out just saying "Hello" to everyone walking by, and everyone returns a wave or a greeting when you're riding by. In contrast, the United States is a very hostile place, where you keep to yourself and try to avoid getting mugged.

We ate the food and lived—enjoyed it, in fact—stayed away from the water, and avoided any major sickness. There were no serious crashes, so we brought home no broken bodies, and a group of people who were little more than strangers now have an experience in common that will make them friends for the rest of their lives. Did we have a good time? The best!

If you're taking a vacation this year, you ought to consider a riding vacation like Les French's Mexico trips, "Doc" Williams' Mexico excursions, or Tracy Smith's Greater Colorado Trail Rides. Without a doubt, you'll see a lot of new things, meet great new friends, and yes, even get some decent riding in. We'll keep you posted on whatever tours or schedules we receive, but in the mean time here's how you can get in touch with these three "tour guides:"

Les French's Great Motorcycle Adventures: (800)642-3933; Thomas "Doc" Williams' Mexico Motorcycle Adventures: (800)421-6784; Tracy Smith's Greater Colorado Trail Rides, Inc.: (303)973-2363.

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YAMAHA TT350: WHAT'LL SHE DO?

How to turn an old four-stroke into a fine machine

 T he bike we rode in Mexico was an '86 Yamaha TT350. It's a little late to be doing a test on one, but since it was in such new condition and worked so well, we're hard-pressed to not write a little something on it.

The main attribute of this bike was an excellent rear suspension. We couldn't figure out why it felt so good; Yamaha four-stroke shocks never really won any awards. We got down to check it out and change the compression damping, and lo and behold, there was a White Power in the spot the stock shock once occupied. This could, and did, make a tremendous difference, and apparently it is a favored modification among western desert riders. Our guide, Craig Hoernke, had a White Power on his XL600.

With a quality shock on the back, the Yamaha turns into a sweet

machine. Compared to the stock bikes on hand, the WP equipped 350 didn't show any sign of compression packing on the stutter bumps or uncontrolled rebound on the high-speed rollers we'd encounter on the trail. It delivered smooth bump absorption for the full length of the stroke.

The forks had been tuned on as well. We don't know who did them, but they are not as much trouble as they seem. The stock TT forks are plain old damper-rod forks, no cartridges or things like that, and one person who is a wizard at these types of forks is Drew Smith ((201)637-6385). "Re-valving" damper-rod forks is a little more complicated than changing shims on White Power forks or late-model Japanese cartridge forks, but done

properly it can turn a bouncy, uncooperative bike into a pleasure to ride. The TT350 engine is best described as "stout." It's not as fast as the Suzuki DR350, but then again, the technology is four years old. Still, there's plenty of bottom end power, as can only be found on a good

four-stroke, and the top end power is ample and high revving. Pretty much seamless power right on up, with no bumps or gags to get in the way of forward motion.

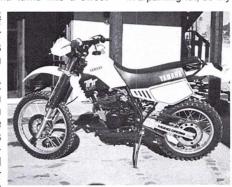
The only problem we encountered with the bike is an extreme sensitivity to the float level on the carbs (the bike uses twin carbs, one a CV and one a throttle-slide carb, but they both share a float bowl). Set the floats slightly too high and the carb leaks merrily; a little too low and it starves for gas. One of our tour mates who used to own two TT350s confirmed this, and claimed out of two bikes he could "never get one of them to stop leaking.

It is possible to get them to stop, but it's not simple. We did it, squatting in a parking lot, so if you have a knack with these things you'll be okay.

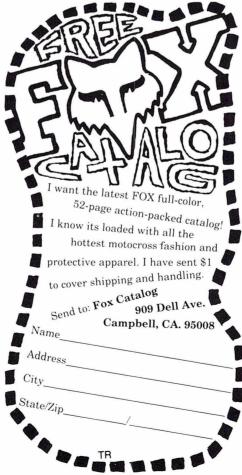
> The basic bike is pretty simple to work on, and the parts are typical Yamaha quality. The stock handlebars had been replaced with Renthal units, but then we'd probably do that ourselves. Seating position was good, and overall, the handling and operation of the bike were excellent. And, we never had to carry oil or worry about the mix, something that can be very convenient in a turkey run. Ah, the joys of a four-stroke!

> So why are we telling you this about a four or five year old bike? Well, look at it as a testimonial for a used bike you may want to buy. By all indications, the engine appears bulletproof, and you know that something like this four years old may be obtainable for \$1000 or less. With another

\$600 spent on suspension and handling parts, and maybe \$100 on a valve job, the TT350 could be an excellent trail riding mount for any part of the country. If you live in a state that allows you to license trail bikes, the TT350 could be a great start for a build-your-own dual sport bike.









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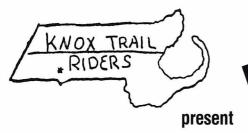
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MAKING BOOTS LAST

A little care means a long, useful life

by Dan Anderson

Modern motorcycle boots are a marvel. anyone who has ever forgotten their boots and tried to ride wearing street shoes knows that even a casual trail ride will leave "civilian" shoes in tatters after only a few miles. However, the durability of modern riding boots doesn't come cheap. Top-of-the-line boots cost more than \$225, and even run-of-the-mill boots can tear a \$175 hole in your pocket real fast.

Fortunately, boots built to take the abuse of off-road riding are built to last, if they are properly maintained. The boots in the photos accompanying this article are eleven years old, still watertight and still provide good foot and ankle protection. The secret to their longevity is a regular maintenance program. Boot maintenance is cheap, doesn't take a lot of time, and unless you have a foot fetish and enjoy spending hundreds of dollars on footwear, a real money saver.

STEP ONE: CLEAN-UP

The first step in boot maintenance is clean-up. When cleaning your bike after a race or muddy trail ride, take the pressure sprayer to your boots as well. Keep water out of the insides of the boots as much as possible, but blast the

Here's a trick way to store your boots up out of the way, where they'll dry faster and not suffer from leather-eating critters. Just nail a couple of 1X2s up to the framing in your garage.

mud and crud out of all sewed seams, especially the stitching between the boot's uppers and soles. Hold the pressure washer nozzle only as close to the boot as necessary to get the grunge off; hold it too close and you can actually rip loose the stitching.

Once the boots are clean, take them home and let them dry overnight. Don't leave them crammed in a gear bag in a corner of the garage. Mold and mildew love dark, damp places, and mold and mildew are your boot's worst enemies. Also, wet leather tends to take the shape in which it dries, so if you want your boots to sag around the ankles and get all stretched out of shape, go ahead and leave them crammed in that gear bag. If the insides of the boots aren't excessively wet from perspiration or a nasty water crossing, lightly stuffing crumpled newspapers inside the boots while they dry will help them maintain their proper shape.

STEP TWO: REPAIR AND RECOLOR

Once they are clean, carefully check for lose stitching. Use waxed dental floss and a large sewing needle to repair areas of lose or missing stitches. Use the existing needle holes in the leather to pull the seams tightly back into alignment. Any problems

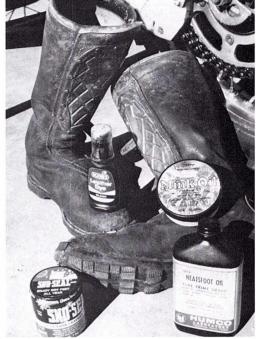
with the stitching that binds the uppers to the soles will require a trip to a shoe repair shop. It may cost a few extra bucks, but compared to the cost of new boots it will be money well spent.

Once the boots are dry a coat of shoe dye can be applied to restore their original color. Black and white shoe dye is available in the shoe polish department of most grocery stores, and shoe repair shops often carry less common colors like blue and red. Be sure to get shoe dye. Colored shoe polish is actually a colored wax, and doesn't penetrate and color as well as dye.

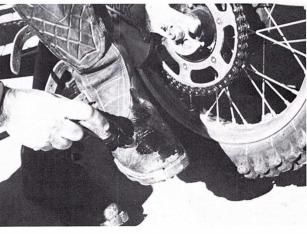
Make sure the boots are very dry and clean, and apply the dye according to the directions on the package.

STEP THREE: WATERPROOFING

Once the dye has completely dried, liberally coat the boots with some sort of waterproof-



Read the label on all leather care products, and avoid anything that claims to soften leather. Best bets for waterproofing are mink oil or Sno-Seal.



and red. Be sure to get available in most drug stores and shoe stores. The dye is available in many colors—the black matches easily, and you may find a wax, and doesn't penetrate match with red or blue dye. Don't spill it.

ing treatment. Mink oil is good; my personal favorite is a product called Sno-seal, and I happen to know that Clipper swears by it. Whatever the product, make sure it is designed to seriously waterproof and protect leather. Other traditional leather care products like saddle

THE FLOSS CONNECTION

Have a few rips in your boots or riding gear that would be easy to fix if you found the right thread? Try using waxed dental floss instead of normal sewing thread. Dental floss is tougher than most threads, easier to find, and the wax makes it easy to pull through a tight hole. It's also extremely durable and abrasion resistant, making it the natural choice for the mangled knees on your riding pants!



soap, neatsfoot oil, and silicone sprays are usually not up to the heavy-duty waterproofing needs of motorcycle boots. Saddle soap is for cleaning polished leather, neatsfoot oil is for

softening stiff leather (which makes it a possibility for rejuvenating old, crusty boots that have been severely neglected), and silicone sprays are for business executives who get dew on their wingtips.

Make sure the waterproofing compound is worked into all the sewed seams and especially the stitching between the soles and uppers. Do not wipe off excess protectant. Given time, the leather will soak up a lot of the excess, providing additional, deeper protection.

Clipper adds: To get the best performance out of Sno-seal, open the can and melt the wax down on a radiator or hot plate, but not an open flame (the stuff is horribly flammable). Apply it in its melted, liquid form with a piece of old tshirt, and really soak it into the seam between the uppers and soles, and all the seams on the boots. To finish it off, let the boots rest on a heater register overnight. out on a sunny step, or work them over with a hot hair dryer. The object is to melt the wax again and let it soak deeply into the leather.

Spend a good hour from start to finish, and you'll be rewarded with the most waterproof riding boots you've ever had.

The final step in adding years to the life of your boots is to store them with latches and laces hooked in riding position to hold the boots in shape as they absorb the water-proofing compound. Be sure to store the treated boots in a dry, well-ventilated area out of reach of mice and dogs. Both of these critters love to gnaw on salty (read: sweaty) leather.

If you wear holes in the soles before the uppers are truly dead, nearly every modern pair of riding boots can be re-soled by a good shoe repair store. One caution though: take the boots in, get an estimate, and make the repair person show you exactly the sole material he or she intends to use. If you don't like their choice, ask for other samples, or take the boots somewhere else. There's nothing worse than picking up your re-soled Hi-Points and finding them shod with a slick, dress-shoe style leather sole! Most stock boot soles are made by the Italian company Vibram, and shoe repair shops can get replacements if they try hard enough.

That's all it takes to make boot buying a rare event. Aggressive riders may not be able to get a pair of boots to last as long as my faithful old Hi-Points, but that probably has something to do with my cautious riding style and ongoing problem with hydrophobia (I've been known to have anxiety attacks while crossing dry streambeds). With a little care and maintenance, even the most water-loving Blackwater participants will get several years use out of every pair of boots they buy.

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DREADING BLACKWATER

We all have our reasons for going, and most of them aren't that good!

by Vince Vredenburg, photos by Cindy Durivage, Dick Schultz and Bob Young

Albany, NY

have been day-dreaming about Blackwater quite a bit lately. Remembering last year's ordeal and wondering if I might regain enough of my sanity to stay home in '91. Probably not. It's too much fun being somewhat crazed. Anyhow I'm 56 years young and can't remember what I ate for breakfast, so I probably won't remember all the bad stuff that happens to me out in the boondocks and bogs.

LOOKING BACK

It took quite a bit of planning and preparation to get ready for my first Blackwater. I knew what I had to do because I had gone down in '89 to spectate. That is when I got hooked. All of my friends who raced came back to the pits covered with mud, bruised and cut; their bodies were wracked with pain from cramps, muscle spasms, and the dreaded monkey butt. They had flat tires and broken motorcycles. Wow!



this looks like fun. What more could you ask for? I love it! I've got to do it!

Come along with me for a ride down memory trail. You may decide to do the Blackwater this month.

We arrived at the route 93 river crossing, outside of Davis, at 4:30 p.m. Too late to see any four-wheeler action, but there were some mud fleas throwing themselves into mud holes, also being used by drunken 4-wheel drive truck drivers for mud drag racing. Quite interesting! Then it was "buy T-shirt time," which we did. Then we had supper at a Davis restaurant. At 7:30 we got in line to sign up. Two and a half hours later we finally got our racing numbers. Blackwater never hurts for entrants.

17 June 90, 8:30. Race Day, the day we have been waiting and preparing for for months. Dick and I are in Davis at our pit area. We have saved a space for Roger Schultz and Bob Young. Rog arrived at 8:55. Al Desrosiers and wife Faith and Al's nephew Mark are parked across the street from us. Bob Young and his family are pitted in front of Roger.

We walked around town for a while, picked up another T-shirt or two, and at 11 a.m. went to the rider's meeting. At 12:45 Bill and I pushed





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our bikes to the starting area. The start is the length of Main Street in Davis. About 500 motorcycles and riders of every description you would think of and some that stretch the imagination are lined up for as far as you can see and over the hill, out of sight.

At 1 p.m. they start the race. Every 5 seconds, 5 riders are flagged off. This is not a smooth operation; some riders push past their starting positions to get an advantage. There are so many riders that it is impossible to control. Hey, that's ok because the first river crossing, 100 yards from the start, acts as an equalizer. I must have gotten by more than 100 flailing and floundering drowned rats right there. Dick Schultz was there (I really did not see you Dickie boy—I would have helped you, honest). Dick's little green KDX 200 thinks it is a frog and keeps trying to stay in the water and breed with the other frogs.

The mud fleas had built a stone dam across the river to deepen the water and make the spectating more interesting. It worked! When I got there, it was mass

hysteria. It looked like a long wait, but if I could hit the end of the dam and bounce the front wheel up over it and two 18 inch steps, the mud fleas might help me up the rest of the way, a total of six or seven feet. I squeezed past half a dozen less adventurous of the foundering and drowning and gave it my best shot. I got it aimed at the end of the dam, revved up the mighty 300 KTM and dumped the clutch. There was a bush at the end of the dam that I thought

would give me some lift. I hit it dead center, and sure enough, it lifted the front wheel over the first step and onto the second step, and the rear wheel got up onto the edge of the bank. that was a good enough try for the mud fleas to reward me with a lift up to the top. Great! Thanks, mud fleas!



After that it was easy for a while, and then what came into sight was frightening. It was a tower line up a wicked steep hill covered with Volkswagen sized rocks (that's the small ones). Oh no! There is a deep and rocky river crossing first. There were a dozen stalled bikes in the river. I waited and watched three guys go screaming past me, one made it. Guess which one I followed? Up the bank and there is the rocky uphill nightmare looking me right in the face. It looked like a fruit salad with all the red.

yellow, green, blue and white bikes and multicolored riders stuck all over it.

There was a mud flea pointing riders toward a bypass that looked impossible. It was over three huge boulders, hang a left on a ledge, and up the face of a cliff. This was not a path for the puny or a way of wimps. There were three riders

in front of me. The first one fell trying to get up on the first of the big rocks. He was helped by the spectator (Sir Mud-flea) and was on his way. He made it. The second one made it with a good shove onto the first big rock and was stuck under the front of his RMX. That made the rear wheel a nice ramp for me to get onto the first rock.

(Thanks, Mr. RMX.) A jump down a foot off the point of rock #1 onto #2, and a wheelie across to #3 and a left turn and up the ledge about ten feet. Ah! I am past another bottle neck and have some more riders behind me.

ON TO THE MOON ROCKSNow the trail is rocky, but not too diffi-

cult. I am going along at a moderate pace and people are flying past me like I'm changing a flat. How do they go so fast? Then at the top of a rocky hill on a two track jeep road, I am traveling at a reasonable speed when some super-human goes jumping past me 8 feet in the air over a blind hill and lands in the rocks below. I expected a crushed body, but there was no body. He just kept it gassed and blasted down the trail and out of sight. In a loud voice I shouted to the world "How the @#*& do they do that!!"

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Sunday: Sign-up 6-10 A.M., Novice race at 9:00 A.M., AA,

Expert and Amateurs race at 11:00 A.M. Entry Fee: Jr. & Mini \$20, all others \$30

Classes: 125, 200, 250, Open, Vets, Seniors, Super Seniors,

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I am on the Moon rocks. Now I know why they are called Moon rocks. The whole top of the mountain is a dome of weird looking stone with tire grabbing grooves cut into it from all angles to the trail and a bunch of one- to two-foot steps thrown in just to keep you interested. It is the longest two hundred vards I have been over in a while. After I got off the Moon rocks, I was so tired, a one-inch diameter tree knocked me down

The Blackwater is full of fascinating things to see and wondrous and exciting things to do. Take the Wiseco Wallowplease. The Wiseco Wallow looks so innocent until you get out in the middle of it and can find no way out. It took 20 minutes to find a way through on my second lap. Some poor soul went blasting past me as I was walking through the mud and peat moss looking for a line. When I left, he was still begging me for help out of the glue-like substance that he had launched himself into. It is survival now: I can not spare the little remaining strength that is left in my cramped legs and hands to help a poor floundering fool. If his skeleton has not sunken out of sight by this June, I will make a wreath of peat moss and hang it on his bleached bones.

Then there are the innocent little brooks that look like a quick blast of the throttle will launch you across in no time. But every third one has no bottom. There goes another 15 minutes! Then there is the long rock & black mud up hill. This is a I-o-n-q hill, and it is covered with black. muddy, sharp rocks, and it is quite steep. There is a bunch of lines to take, and they criss-cross. It is possible to change lines to avoid stopped riders. I'm doing good, dodging from line to line, keeping in the clear, when I misjudged and got hung up on a rock right behind some other misguided fool. This was not all bad. Father and son mud fleas came rushing to my assistance and used my Swiss Army knife to saw off a



six-foot long bush that had wrapped itself around my rear wheel and brake caliper. Then they pushed both of us over the rocks and off we go, onward and upward. Of course, what you go up, you must come down. Two very long, slippery and rocky downhills are no problem except for a couple of engine flameouts.

Oh crap! Mustard Hill. I'm going up Mustard Hill (a very long mustard color clay and rock mixture). It's slippery, but I am doing fine. Oh no, where did my line go? A brook cut into the clay right through my line. A very fine gentleman on a KDX came along and pointed out the best line. Off we go across the clay brook, hard right turn over barked roots, jump a couple of logs and on up the hill. Great! No problem!

FLEA CIRCUS

There is one more obstacle and I am at it now.

The Route 93 river crossing. It doesn't look bad. I head for the point that is sticking out into the river and wait for a couple of guys that are ahead of me. One falls into the water, and we are waiting for him to get out of the way when some one behind me is screaming at me to get the hell out of the way. I had nowhere to go. so this screaming fool tries to push past me and falls head first off the bank and into the muddy water below. I love it! As I putt gently across the river, he is still kicking his bike over. Obviously, his bark is worse than his kick. From here on it is a cake walk to town.

I am at our pit area and I'm sitting around drinking Kool-Ade that Faith gave me. (You will never know how good Kool-Ade is until you have a deep need for it). I'm contem-

plating guitting after one lap. Faith and most of the others are urging me on by saying things like "You'll be sorry tonight when they are handing out the trophies." or "You drove 500 miles to do this race, you should give it your best shot." This all made sense but I am beat! I have cramps in my legs and my clutch hand. Then Faith said the magic words: "Dick Schultz



BEEHIVE DUAL SPORT

Presented by Competition Dirt Riders

June 16, 1991

AMA & ECEA Sanctioned

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Sign-up: 7:30 to 10:30 AM Entry pins to all entrants, drawing for free Dirt Rider and Trail Rider magazine subscriptions

Start area: Mauricetown Gun Club, four miles west of Mauricetown, NJ, on Haleyville-Dividing Creek Road (Route 676). Arrowed from Route 47 and Route 670 below Port Elizabeth, NJ.

THE BEE IS BACK (ON THE ROAD!) ARE YOU?

is still out there and you are ahead of him." I jumped to my feet, fired up the mighty 300 and sped to the barrels to finish my first lap and start my second. I have to ride home with Dickie boy, and there is no way that I am going to let him beat me if I can help it. I would have to listen to him gloat for 10 hours on the way home.

As it turned out, Dick finished only one lap because his little green KDX stopped at every river crossing to try to cross-breed with the frogs. Al charged a river crossing too hot while dicing it out with a friend and former motocross adversary (Duke Finch), drowning his trusty RMX. Word has it that several lost riders saved themselves by following the trail of wet spark plugs left by Al. Bill Durivage did two laps, but did not go out for a third, possibly for reasons of health. Bob Young had a good run, completing three laps and missing a trophy by only one place. Mark "Crash" Charrette's water pump decided to become a food processor, mixing coolant and oil to make DNF soup. I (Skinny Vinny) did end up finishing two laps, for seventh in the masters class (no trophy). And finally, the hero of CATRA, the only one to bring home the gold, Roger "Never Let Off" Schultz took third place in the Masters class. Good show Roa!!

Blackwater '91, here we come. We all had a great time and plan to go down to West Virginia this year and show them how it's done.

So what do you think? Are we going to see you in Davis this June? I certainly hope so. I may need you to help extract me from a bog!



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DUAL SPORT FEVER

Tired of racing? Try dual sport riding!

By Pat Hancock

Back in the beginning of cycle time, enduro riders used street bikes on dirt courses. This old sport is now growing again like wildfire with street legal dual purpose bikes. The resurrection seemed to begin with Meteor M.C.'s first annual Dual Sport event in 1989. Of course, New England has been holding fun turkey runs for years, open to most any type of bike. In 1990, Meteor's dual sport entrants traveled from as far as Georgia to ride the 90 plus miles of South Jersey sand roads and trails. Some even rode double, buddy style...and finished! A real thrill in the whoops!

With all of our land closing problems, this may be the answer to keep us riding in the state forests. AMA is promoting a dual sport series this year. One of their most challenging rides will be the 200 mile/two day Blackwater Dual Sport ride held June 8th and 9th in West Virginia. The ECEA has at least 6 dual sport



With all of our land closing problems, this may be the answer to keep us riding in the bike can make you happy. Since this event, I bought a state forests. AMA is promoting a dual sport nearly new '83 XL185, and I love it!

events on the calendar for 1991.

Competition Dirt Riders (CDR) held their first dual sport event on February 24, 1991. This was

not listed on the ECEA schedule, yet 26 entrants showed up for one of the most enjoyable rides ever. This course was a perfect blend of roads, trails, two trackers and a good variety of terrain. The CDR lay out crew were able to use much of the "pretty" woods that is mostly off-limits for their enduro use.

The pleasant course takes you to the bottom of a monstrous mile-high hill of white powder sand. Cyclists who rode CDR's Beehive enduro in August could recall racing off camber and down this sea of sand. Ahhhh, it is such a pleasure to park your motorcycle and not worry about clocks ticking away or fear of a check around the corner. Most everyone took time out to climb this area and check out the enduro trails.

We were still full from CDR's FREE pancake, egg and sausage breakfast, but couldn't resist some hot soup at the gas stop/snack bar. For dessert, we were able to dual sport bench race with CDR's trail boss, Gene Jost. A route sheet was given to each entrant and no one got lost as arrows were at each and every turn...excel-

SANDY LANE DUAL SPORT

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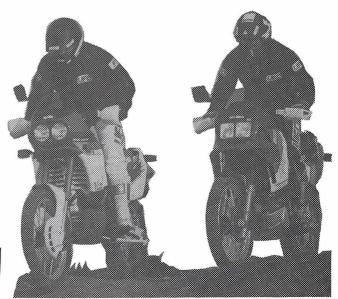
This event is a motorcycle run for dual-purpose motorcycles only. The course will start at the State Forest picnic pavilion on Route 563 in Green Bank, NJ, right on the Mullica River. Follow Route 563 from Route 72 or Route 30, or Route 542 from Route 9 and the Garden State Parkway. The ride covers approximately 100 miles of woods roads, sand roads and back country paved highways and loop back to the pavilion for door prizes afterwards.

Motorcycles and riders MUST be street legal—no exceptions. This is not a race, ride at your own pace. Bring a roll chart holder. Registration forms and route sheets available at the start from 8:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M. Riders can start between 9 and 10 A.M. Finisher pins and door prizes will be distributed at the finish. Entry fee is \$13 per person, call (609)783-3685 for more information.

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lent for us lazy riders.

At the end of the day, numbers were drawn from a hat for a few lucky riders to win back their \$10.00 entry fee and receive a free beer. If that's not enough, consider these ten tempting excuses to comb the classified for a dual purpose bike:

- Pure fun, no pressure riding.
 It is a legal mode of transpor-
- tation if the old auto dies.
 3. Buddy pegs are provided on most bikes to share with a friend.
- 4. It's a cool way to cruise the back roads on a hot summer night.
- 5. Bikes are virtually maintenance free, no



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Approximately 100 miles of dirt roads, some paved roads and open trails. This year's event will have longer, more challenging off-road sections—the more challenging trail sections will have clearly marked bypass sections. Don't be afraid to bring a beginner along!

This is an enjoyable ride through the beautiful mountains of south central Pennsylvania. Checkpoints located at scenic views or historically significant areas. Come out and enjoy on/off road riding at its very best!

Entry fee: \$15 per rider.

Pre-entry: \$12 if postmarked by June 3, 1991 Food available along the route, or bring a picnic lunch Bikes must be street legal, with valid license plate and insurance

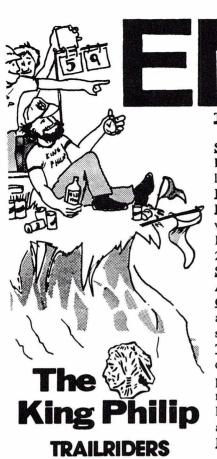
Map holder on tank or route sheet holder would be helpful Start at Big Flat ATV parking lot near Shippensburg, PA.

Arrowed from exit 10 of Route 81, west of Harrisburg. Registration and maps available between 8:00 and 10:00 AM Riders can depart between 9:00 and 10:00—meet back at the start for door prizes and trophies

To pre-enter: Send name, address, bike info, phone number and AMA number to M.O.R.E. along with entry fee (you will have to sign a waiver the day of the event).

For MORE information and entries:

M.O.R.E. RD 2, Box 539 Shippensburg, PA 17257 (717)761-6192 or (717)486-5154



The King Philip Grand Tour, JUNE 23, 1991.

Starting Position: Determined by drawing on June 17, 1991. Entries received after drawing date will be assigned a number later than the pre-entries.

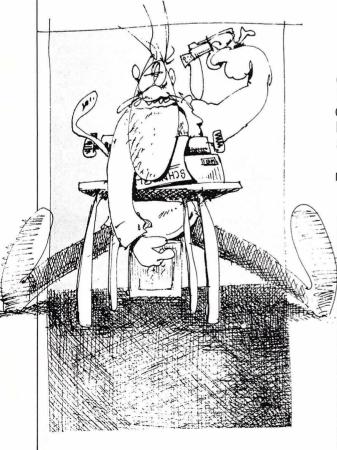
Key Time: 9:00 am, Sunday June 23, 1991. Signup open at 7:00 Entry Fee: \$22 Pre-entry, \$25 Post-entry. \$1 from each entry will be donated to the ISDE fund. Make checks payable to The King Philip Trail Riders. Send entries to: Jim Shea, 235 Robinson Ave., S. Attleboro Ma. 02703 Start Location: American Legion Post, Wrentham, Ma. Arrowed from the intersection of Rt. 1A and I495. Course: 75-80 miles of King Philips finest groomed trails with a totally new layout. Brand-X rules with plenty of resets and speed changes.

Tech Inspection: All riders must have a valid motorcycle operators license and registration with attached license plate (no cardboard or duct tape). Mufflers are required and must be securely attached and quiet. Entrants must hold a current NETRA or ECEA membership card. NETRA membership available

at sign-up.

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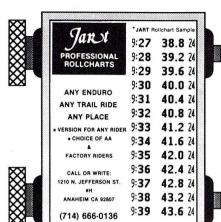
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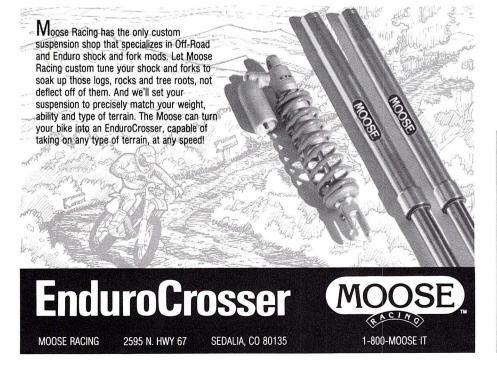


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1984 Husky WR400 Bark Busters, very good cond., \$650. Bell Moto 5 7 1/2, wht/red/blu, with Scott 109 goggles and Quik Strap, \$175. Thor Mach 5 chest protector, wht/red, \$55. Sinisalo gear: Pants, (34) red/blk; World jersey (L) red/gry; SCD2 belt red/gry; Sport gloves (L) red; red socks, all in like new cond., \$145. Motorcycle Rails for trailer, (2) 6 in. X 84 in. w/ loading ramp, new, \$45. Everything must be sold, all offers considered. (914)564-0923. 1987 Suzuki DR125 Like new, wife's bike. \$1100 obo, (517)465-9382.

1990 KTM 125EXC Ridden three months, exc. cond., \$1800 obo, or trade for YZ125. Call Pat after 6 p.m. (508)865-3236.

1988 Kawasaki KX80 New piston & rings, exc. mech. cond., maintained by an adult. Disc brakes, frt. & rr., needs nothing. Ready to ride, \$825. (203)688-1301 (day), (203)688-5214(n). 1988 Husky 250WR New Metzelers, Boyesen reeds and engine. Bark Busters, skid plate, pipe guard, fork boots, disc guard. Must sell, \$1600, exc. cond. Call Charlie at (207)442-7933 (H) or (207)921-2569 (W).

1986 Husky 250XC Must sell, perfect condition, never raced. Factory porting, bullet fast with plenty of low end. Many extras, \$1100. Call Anthony, (802)860-6363.

1990 CR250 Honda Bib Mousse tubes, Bark Busters, new chain and sprockets, new filter and top end, odometer and Ghost computer, flywheel. \$2500, call Jeff, (908)671-1073. **1990 KTM 300DXC** \$2300, ICO odometer \$85. (814)667-2306.

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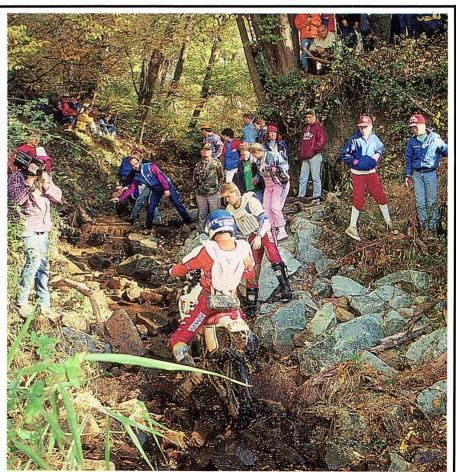
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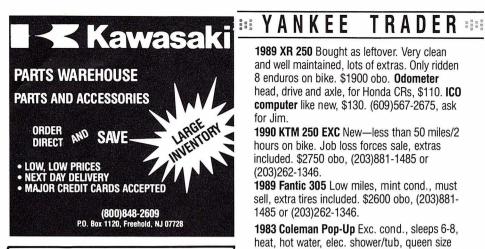
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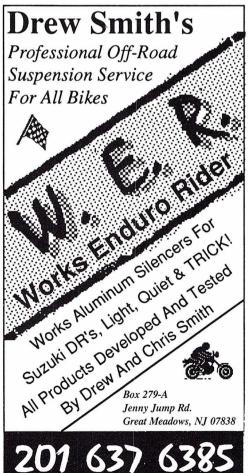
1989 XR 250 Bought as leftover. Very clean and well maintained, lots of extras. Only ridden 8 enduros on bike. \$1900 obo. Odometer head, drive and axle, for Honda CRs, \$110, ICO computer like new, \$130, (609)567-2675, ask

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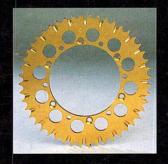
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